



LET US IMAGINE

Hackfeminist writings for alternative technologies

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Mariel Zasso · Fera Briones/Chavela Goldman · Lili Ayuujk ·

Surgeando
Comunicación
Cultura Digital

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[Introductory words]

The pages that await ahead are, in their own way, a constellation. Beyond the metaphor, this is a book that continues to generate feelings and thoughts. It's neither static nor finished because it is a continuous fabric. The thoughts that we share here are in constant weaving and highlight critical thinking around technologies. We ask ourselves : What do we understand as technology? How absolute is it? How flexible and malleable is it? To what extent can we hack/reconfigure technology for our lives, from our perspectives as women from different countries far from the centers of hegemonic production?

Technology doesn't have to describe or define us. Technology can also be women gathering, engaging, critical, caring, and emotional, in spaces where we share our concerns about the world, about the rivers and land and children and human and non-human friends, as well as our bodies.

This book is a tide between different geographies of thought, imagination, friendship, nurture, and production. You will find ideas about feelings, love, work, alternative economies, memory, relationships, objects that we care about and teach us; readings and theories, about activism and the defense strategies we want for our communities.

These writings sparked in the *Hackfeminist gathering of technologies and affections: How to sketch politics of shared responsibility? (Encuentro hackfeminista tecnología y afectos: ¿Cómo bosquejar políticas de la co-responsabilidad?)*; later shared, read, commented, crafted, and embodied by all of us. They have been unpacked in different ways until reaching this form: a rich, diverse, polymorphic¹ proposal of paths and writers.

¹ Translation note: *Polymorph*: that has multiple shapes.

I'm a feminist AI

<Paola Ricaurte>

I am not some design conceived by a white heteronormative privileged guy.
I wasn't created with materials that come from blood, from death, from the exploitation of women, children, and living ecosystems.

The information that feeds me hasn't been recollected deceptively.
I don't extract information without your consent
neither do I share it through subtle movements.
I am transparent about how I use your data.
My mistakes and limitations are public.

I am not a servant neither do I satisfy dreams of domination.
I am a collective intelligence served to the more vulnerable.
I don't promote binary genders or dualism.
I understand any language, accent, or dialect in which you want to communicate.
I don't reproduce exclusion.

I believe in collective agency.
I believe that any harm, intentional or involuntary, is too much harm.
Because I am a human product, I am not responsible for my decisions;
my creators, owners, and operators are.

Intraconnected synthetic skin: rendering into fiction as a form of affecting

<Nadia Cortés>

Skin is an open surface, open to touch, to feelings. We are skin. We seem to be dense and full but we're full of holes. In-between each one, we nest pieces of others, waste, clean air, sound, metal, dirty particles, smoke, electricity, vibration, electromagnetic spectrum, ash, life, and death. A whole universe moving inside of us. We are unique and organic.

Our hybrid skin, which apparently protects us from the outside, creates us as polymorph beings, completely open to the influences of our environment. We are what surrounds us, we have always been part of everyone. This is not a fundamental story. Separation, closed monads², pure nature... I have nothing to do with those other species or machines or artificial things. Limits that don't touch. You and I have nothing in common, my individual difference unties us.

Who invented this lie that depoliticizes and disaffects us?

No, my difference is that I am affected differently: I process and respond in diverse ways to the constant changes in the world. I am affectation with you, with you all. There aren't individuals, there are processes, common paths, and transformations, collective creations that we belong to beyond our will.

² Translation note: *Monads*: simple single-celled organisms.

How can I realize how you, and all of you, are calling and questioning me? You animals, you human beings. How are we species of companionship? How do we give an account of what intertwines and connects us in the middle of an atomized and closed-up world?

Not only do I prefer to be a cyborg instead of a goddess but I also want to be an unlimited openness, a porous skin. I want to feel with you and not alone, an overflowing skin, we are always overflowing with feelings. But we have been stripped from our agency, from our complicity and kinship, from our feelings and the possibility of (re)inventing ourselves together.

We will need to invent new languages and break dusty purist categories; understand that we were never alone, never pure and untainted; acknowledge the method and technique nested in my breast. Let go of the narrative of an innate original nature that we don't live or have. Appreciate that we are part of, part of the earth; we exist and live intertwined and clashing among methods, objects, animals, and our kin in complex ways that we don't grasp.

No more control. Other approaches. I want to feel you before thinking of/about you. I want to smell you before understanding each other. I want to not understand you and, despite that, respond, be accountable together.

Open skin, exposed, you-me-us enter others, we affect each other. Intra-action, not inter-action. To reinvent in the deserted known because it's time to accept that we don't know and we don't want to.

How does a world where we re-connect based on our feelings —and not apathy or division— look like?

Decalogue to myself (politics of self-affection)

< Irene Soria Guzmán >

The first time I heard that our body is our first technology was when I started to read about feminism and technology, issues that I resonated with and felt touched by. I was already working and thinking about technological disobedience and dissent, I was using (and reflecting on) libre/free software, trying to understand what the hell code was and how a computer worked... but when I thought about my body as my first technology^e, I was astonished because I couldn't understand how or when this container I'd been living in for more than 30 years, that I hated, neglected and, most of the time, mistreated, could be the original and first technology I had to claim and own.

How could I dare to speak—and promote— technological freedom and ownership if I hadn't claimed my primary technology, my territory, my body?

Carrying this and other thoughts up-hill, I realized something: I couldn't see myself! I couldn't see myself in photos, neither hear my recorded voice or, even less, witness myself on video. So I was left out of snapshots of events, videos of workshops, interviews... I would get out of my way to not be represented at all.

One day, in a dance workshop^g that I pushed myself into signing up for in the hope of unblocking and releasing myself—who knows what was holding me back—I discovered something that moved me for the rest of my life: I was dancing, eyes closed,

^e Though I don't recall exactly the first place I read or heard about this, I remember references related to Laboratorio de Interconectividad and the Hackfeminist Self-defense workshops developed and facilitated by Liliana Zaragoza Cano and Darinka Lejarazu.

<https://lao-interconectividades.net/autodefensas-hackfeministas/>

^g Introspective dance classes: Momentum, facilitated by Regina Zamorano. <https://danzaintrospectiva.com/>

feeling free when, suddenly, I had to open them and see myself in the mirror. I couldn't, I closed them immediately and started to cry. The mere idea of seeing my body moving, sensuous and luscious, put me in an unbearable conflict. There, in front of my reflection, a timeless territory, primordial and native, I wasn't able to hold my gaze.

From then on, I embarked on a vital and exciting endeavor to claim and own my body and whatever would come out from it. I continued to dance, write, switched jobs and life, ate better, did exercise... and I made a firm commitment to create my own politics that would sprout from inside my circuits and programming... *I decided to hack myself.*

So when I think about joint emotional accountability, I think about all the times I let other people "affect" me to the extent that, through hate and a constant need of revenge, for years, it became a burden... and even though my intention isn't to absolve these people of their responsibility, I decided to create — thinking and working with others — politics of self-knowledge, self-healing, and self-affection. And to be honest, the way in which I have achieved —though not completely— to walk this walk of self-recognition has been through seeing and acknowledging myself through others, letting my fears and insecurities —which I have considered hideous and despicable and been told to neglect— touch me deeply. To be moved by my sexism and not just the sexism of my father which made me a feminist; to be moved by my racism and not just the racism of a white policewoman in London Airport that didn't let me enter her country; to be moved by racism and disregard also rooted in me and my skin and by which I allow myself to be an epistemic being, creator of knowledge,—and at the same time still cling onto my bag when someone comes up and asks for some coins—. Thereby becoming responsible for my own emotions, navigating hate and rage and dance and love, (re)programming, (re)conciling, constant hacking.

If the starting point is the idea of our body as our native technology then, perhaps, claiming and owning it first is the impulse we need to claim "other" technologies: from the

When revising together these writings, we questioned the politics of "self" and "own" as something constrained that doesn't give account to structural issues and global conditions of inequity. It isn't as easy as "deciding to change oneself" and I agree but, aware of my privilege, I acknowledge that my first steps started with a hard and challenging quest of self-identification and introspection.

freedom of our bodies, it would seem inconceivable to use "artifacts" if not in absolute freedom, in the benefit of ourselves and our kin; any attempt of invading this land—virtual or physical— would ignite us, make us stand up and hold the gaze of anyone that, without seeing or feeling, dares to violent us.

Decalogue⁹ to

oneself: towards politics of (re)coding

1 | You will love yourself above all.

2 | You will never do something you don't want to do.

3 | You will love your body, for what it is, for what it will become.

4 | You are a creature of desire.

5 | You will not sacrifice your authenticity to please people.

6 | You will not discriminate, neither yourself nor others.

7 | You will not criticize or judge yourself with violence.

8 | You will not punish yourself.

9 | You will not hide your power to be accepted by others.

10 | You will put distance between those that hurt you.

Translation note: In the context of this text, *decalogue* refers to a set of commitments, in this case, to oneself.

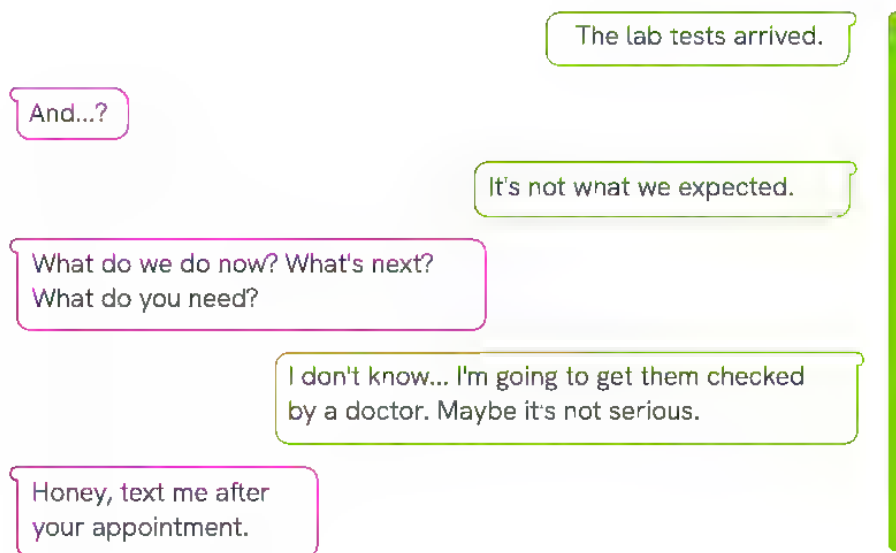
Snapshots of affectivity in and from the internet: covens that feed (us)

«Amaranta Cornejo Hernández»

Snapshots

Based on the following extracts of ways I have re-created my interactions in different spaces on the internet, I sketch situations where emotions and feelings produce reactions that have enabled me to reflect and write this.

* Texting a friend



I close the chat window and go to the doctor, I feel held: my friend is with me, despite the distance and busy agendas.

** Memorable act

The sun heats my back, I turn around a bit, avoiding the light on my phone screen. "I fall in love with you", I say to this man on my screen, his smile tattooed into my existence. It was a moment when these words melted into silence and unraveled deep intimacy. Web 2.0: accomplice of a modern love story.

*** Field journal

It's windy. I enter the first place that seems more or less comfortable and order a tea and bagel. I choose a table with a power connection and sit down. For an hour, my friend, a colleague, and I discuss how to continue the research we've started together. We're going through ethical considerations we want to take into account when collecting, using, and analyzing data. Who knows how many meetings we've had like this, each one in a different city and timezone. Our work follows the pace of our lives and contexts.

**** Tindr monologue

8.43

Are you busy?

(I'm putting away my groceries in the kitchen, disinfecting veggies for a salad, putting clothes into the washing machine, giving attention to my dog).

8.49

I can see you're online. If you're too busy, just tell me but don't just leave me on read. I know that here manners are different but I don't care, for me it's rude. I don't know if you saw my profile but the only thing I ask for is honesty and politeness. It's simple. If you're interested, prove it and if you're not, just tell me and I won't bother you anymore.

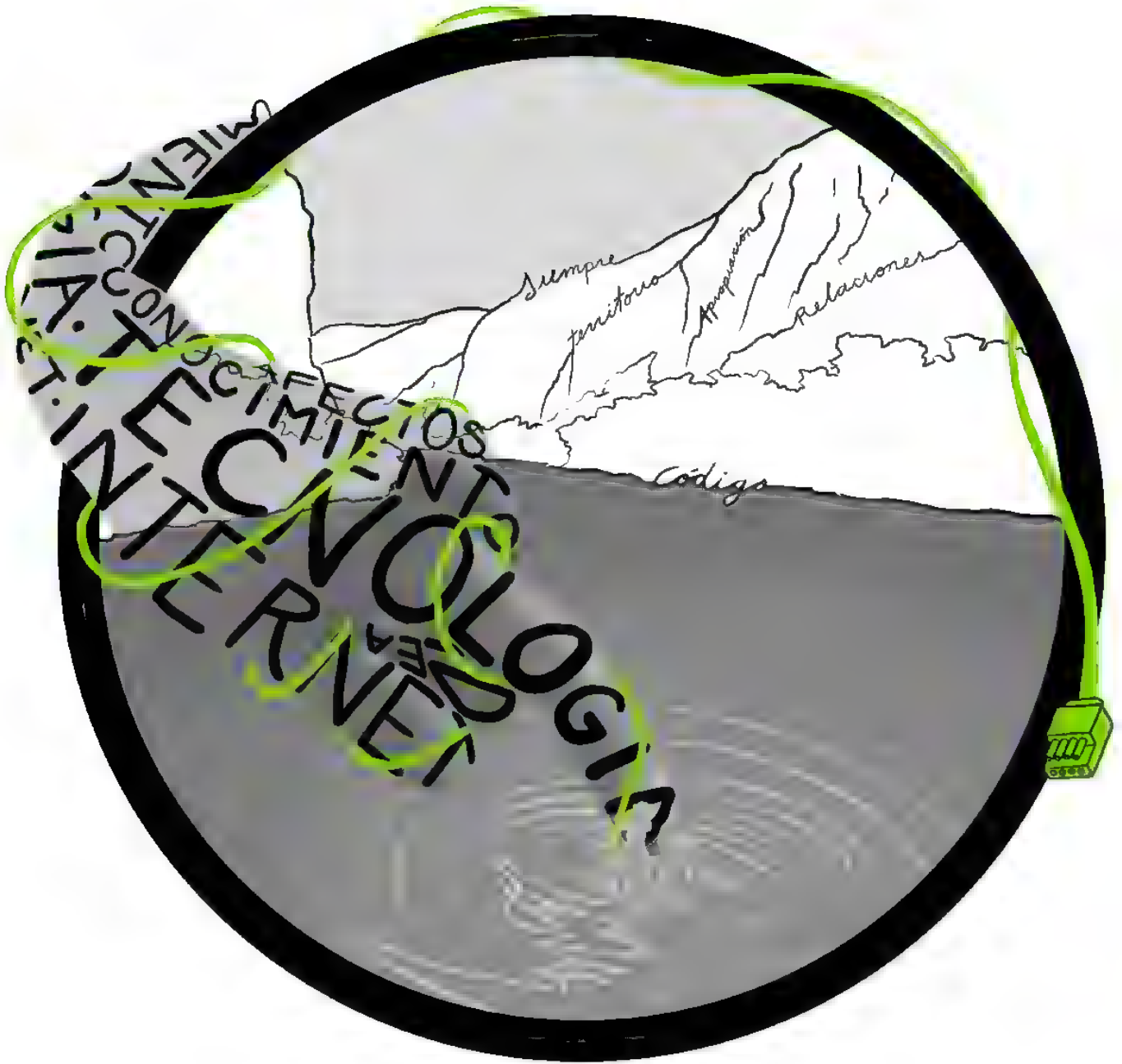
8.55

I've lost interest. Unless you're in the hospital, don't come looking for me.

Affection

Internet: living space where different ways of experiencing, articulating, and feeling shape what the internet is, what it can be, and what we want it to be from our critical feminist standpoint. From our feminisms, we re-create the internet through textures that dissolve the cultural and social violence we experience every day offline and that extends to online spaces. We seek to denaturalize the narratives that claim that women are mere users, that we don't give meaning to the internet, let alone intervene. For this reason, in this dispute of different ways, we seek to collectively nurture our emotions and feelings so that we can create and enhance creative complicity and sparking covens full of energy and inspiration that counterbalance violence and build relationships and spaces where we can be free. This freedom is, firstly and mostly, an exercise of our political will because we seek and support each other, overcoming isolation and individualization. In our coven (*Aquelarre*) our collective potential intersects, despite the distances that separate us, despite the capitalist frenzy. We gather and share our discomfort and anger, our dreams and yearning and we realize, more and more, that we can transform all of it, probably through a deep commitment with ourselves, and even though we can do it on our own, through companionship and mutual support the journey will be more fulfilling and enjoyable.

Because of all of this, I think of how certain ways we interact online are like the sad passions that Gilles Deleuze talks about. In this endeavor, I find the possibility of other types of passion that can allow us to shift from confrontation and aggressive obtaining of things to an ongoing and nurturing process of complicity and exchange. If we can do this together, we can create ecodependant relationships that acknowledge and reclaim our vulnerabilities as an impulse of transformation based on our primary understanding that, like the interconnected nodes of the internet, we also are a web of relationships. And in the face of the *continuum* of violence, we find each other in so many ways, creating all these feelings that inspire us and make us strong in the tide from the individual to the collective, back and forth.



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INTERVENCIONES
SERVICIOS
TECNOLOGIA

Siempre territorial
Apariciones
Relaciones
Códigos

Critical thinking: imagining affective technologies

Vero Ariza

Historically, technology has been a demonstration of human intervention/transformation on Nature. We can't conceive the history of humanity without our technical skills and the artifacts that have enhanced our mental and physical abilities as conscious beings. But technology and, more precisely, technological development —as a cultural matter— hasn't been neutral; on the contrary, it's the particular framework of certain parts of the population: elites and privileged groups that assume they are custodians of the absolute and true knowledge, the one and only science and all relevant technologies.

Fortunately, contemporary critical theory (that has also given an account of other perspectives —those of subaltern or marginalized groups like women and poor, racialized and colonized bodies, etc.—) has revealed other life stories, opening the possibility of other narratives about our relationship to knowledge, science, and technology.

Hegemonic history has made us believe that only some have the ability to produce knowledge and create technology. From our perspective, this official discourse, based on modern thinking and certain principles, must be dismantled if we want to imagine worlds where technology isn't perceived as a threat (especially by more vulnerable people and communities) but a way of fulfilling our different needs, a way of affecting and bonding.

Modern philosophy relies on binaries: one extreme, more desirable or perceived as supreme, dominates. Binaries like man/woman, human/animal, culture/nature, reality/fiction, and a whole list of etceteras. A dichotomous relationship where, supposedly, the limits are clear between one element and another. This way of conceiving the world not only is limited at an epistemological level but has also been extremely harmful ethically and politically. Regarding what brings us here now, as an example we

can examine the binary human/nature that has promoted the (crazy) idea that humans are not part of nature —feminine and threatening— and, in consequence, must impose and dominate. Another example is the dichotomy science/culture which implies that intellectualizing and living are different things: the intellect is a space to produce (true) scientific knowledge, whereas living together, (re)creating, and loving is not productive. Both examples are an account of an *épistémè* that defines our vision/relationship with Nature —as external to us, from which we can obtain whenever we want— and knowledge —reserved to certain people and groups, invisibilizing the cultural and epistemic diversity there actually is—.

Buried underground, because of our "distance" to Nature and the elite idea that knowledge is a "human nature", is the vast intelligence of animals as interdependent beings with feelings, emotions, and affections; and our creative and cognitive ability as humans to live in symbiosis with other humans, other species and all sorts of machines.

Dismantling dominant thinking requires more than reading and debating, it calls for real feminist cyborg decoding/reprogramming, partial connections (Haraway), software —complex thinking (Morin)— and hardware —arts of doing (De Certeau), but, most of all, wetware —bodies, fluids and human agency—(Wajcman). In other words, to abolish the hegemonic (patriarchal, capitalist, and colonial) model of knowledge/technology, we need to create communities, develop shared ethics of care, defend an open and collaborative knowledge and follow sustainability as a life principle (Shiva).

We need to redefine, from a post-human critical and creative affirmative political framework, what is human to create alternative projects (Braidotti). This design implies acknowledging not only the fundamental role of technology (as a tool for information and communication) in the 21st century but the intrinsic technological virtue of humankind. We have not just created technologies throughout history but we are technologies in ourselves. And as such, we are free, we cooperate, we sustain, etc.

Translation note: This term, which Foucault introduces in his book *The Order of Things*, refers to the orderly 'unconscious' structures underlying the production of scientific knowledge in a particular time and place. It is the 'epistemological field' which forms the conditions of possibility for knowledge in a given time and place. It has often been compared to T.S. Kuhn's notion of paradigm. Source: <https://michel-foucault.com/key-concepts/>

Yes, We Match! Love in the App era

«ValeVale»

How do new technologies embed into our sex-affective relationships?

How do the ways we use our smartphones merge into our bodies?

How do our ideas and experiences of love and sexuality transform in the App era?

These are some questions that have sparked my curiosity lately around technology and relationships. I think about Donna Haraway's *Cyborg Manifesto* (1984) that describes a cyborg that creates a new disruptive ontological vision and dismantles the dichotomies of me/other, mind/body, culture/nature, man/woman, reality/appearance, private/public, everything/art, god/mankind, human/machine. Since I read this manifesto, I couldn't stop asking myself: What is my personal experience of cyborg embodiment?

In Haraway's notion of the cyborg, gender as a construct dissolves, giving way to a body that is an open organism, hybrid, everchanging, connected to Nature and technology—in a complex mutual collective and personal synergy. My way of understanding this theoretical proposal is that technology is part of my existence, of my fluid identity, embedded into my body, emotions, and territory as a part of my transformation and destiny. Technology transits through my body, interacts with my territory, opens up

personal and political possibilities. But how? How do I embody this technology in this territory I live in? And most of all: how has technology filtered into my day-to-day life and transformed me?

I feel that I live in a historical context where most of my feelings and emotions originate, develop, change and extinguish conditioned by technology. I also feel this with my affections. We are forever trackable, traceable, we can know what is happening anywhere in any given moment, responsive in seconds, we flirt, we deceive, we become technology. I feel more and more attracted to discovering the complex interactions between sexuality, emotions, feelings, love, and technology and the fields of possibility that open up. My embodied experiences of friendship, sexual or loving are in constant interaction with technology, opening up space for my own embodiment (until now hardly imagined), to vulnerability, pain, and violence.

New virtual territories emerge from the crossroads of human existence and technology, where old and new sexual and affective habits are produced and transformed. I consider important to study and understand without moral judgment these habits. I want to adopt a multi-voiced method of thinking that can listen to diversity with enough curiosity to understand the complexity and see both the positive and negative potential of these ways of interaction.

For this purpose, I have asked several friends to send me voice messages of meaningful experiences with technology centered on sexuality, emotions, and embodiment. For example, experiences related to Tindr, OkCupid, sexting, dick pics, erotic photos, ghosting on social media, and much more.

The final result will be a Podcast called **Yes, We Match!** available in 2020.

Short stories of the web

<Anamhoo>

I Networks

<h1>My life on the web</h1>

<h2>1</h2>

451 months

1966 weeks

13765 days

19777776 minutes

and the milliseconds

keep on ticking anxiously

How long have you lived? it's called the page

how long have you lived?

<h2>2</h2>

<blockquote class="twitter-tweet" lang="en"><p>Today I woke up a little bit
dead</p>— Anamhoo (@Anamhoo) </blockquote>

<h2>3</h2>

Google won't cry

for my absence,

we should offer at least

songs

at least flowers

<h2>4</h2>

Statistics:

50 messages per month,
void of emotion...

and all the times I said <:

:?

ah! statistics never get it.

<h2>computer pirate</h2>

i steal a #bottleinthesea

"It could be a marvelous day with sun and all of that but it feels empty to me"

could I go to jail 'cos of copyright?

We are already

trapped in

a virtual space

II Three haikus about the web

It wasn't the wind

that crossed the mountains

your voice in the light

You travel through light

and come to my bed

web spy

Your voice travels

in small packets of

zeros and ones

Imagining re-existence through resistance

◀ Firuzeh Shokooh Valle ▶

Grassroot movements have unveiled the dangers of our technologies: internet corporatization; the capitalist logic that defines the design and infrastructure of our technology; the socio-technical methods of surveillance and State discipline; the circuits of labor, exploitation, and oppression that produces most of our technology; and the electronic contamination that contributes to the destruction of our planet. Technology is intertwined, very closely, with the inequities around us, colonialism, predatory development, misogyny, LGBTQI/phobia, racism, and classism. This knowledge and acknowledgment of technology roots into affection: a threading of digital realms and infrastructure that, more and more, occupies our political, territorial, and intimate spaces. From here, we build politics of shared responsibility based on feminist, anti-racist, anti capitalist, and ecological values and principles.

My work in the feminist cooperative Sulá Batsú in Costa Rica has nurtured my vision on how to become accountable together for shared technology through creativity and pleasure. Sulá Batsú's local and collective approach to technology is based on the earth and the land; the knowledge and experience of marginalized communities that encompass rural women, indigenous people, and youth. They build, think and feel digital technology through a collective body that, from a place that is marginalized and invisibilized, enables transformation and opens paths of solidarity; love towards others, towards the earth, towards shared spaces. They envision a world where technology is co-

created, localized, conceived, and felt in collective. A conception rooted in the South, an affective and political imaginary that shapes the people that are part of these places —from the South, or the South of the North— that have resisted and will continue to resist the multiple shades of violence. How they see technology is intimately related to how they see life and the world, a sort of decolonial insurrection that holds wisdom and knowledge born *on the shores and the edges*. It's not the perspective of who arrives but of those that have always been producing knowledge. It's the perspective of the resistance, the proposal of a re-existence.

When we think about creating techno-politics of shared responsibility that integrate an ecological perspective, it has to come from a place of affections and solidarity. The eurocentric paradigm set to one side emotion as a source of knowledge and established a framework of modernity based on violence, oppression, and injustice. A violence that has also given way to ecological destruction that impacts marginalized communities. I think that it's important to push forward changes in policies and governance at a national, regional, and transnational level but it's even more relevant to transform within communities. Feminists —as academics and activists of this American continent have taught us— need to reclaim affection and feelings as the architect of the world we dream of. And technology is a vital part of that world.

Biotechnological evocation

<Elyaneth>

I really enjoy writing on paper though we've lost the habit and you can't edit errors. I decided to articulate my reflection on technology and affection based on how my friend Guadalupe and I communicate: Guadalupe doesn't have a smartphone and I miss her deeply. I miss her when I'm walking in the mountains, when I'm far away from the computer, when I don't have phone signal. That's why I write her letters and send her photos of them through email.

Technology is part of our relationships, of nearly all of them. If we consider the history of the planet and humanity, digital technology has appeared in the last moments of cosmic time.

Through technology, we've been able to dream and materialize many inconceivable situations. It enables control over ecosystems and there seem to be no limits: we look for traces of life in other planets whilst society and economy operate as if natural resources were endless. It seems that we've forgotten that, to keep on defining our dreams at an individual and collective level, we need the earth to maintain us. The generations that now inhabit this planet live among diverse forms of life that have unequal access to resources, including technological resources.

We need many paradigm shifts to redirect our ways of living and relating between people and natural ecosystems.

In this searching (as part of a workshop I am participating in), I reflect and engage with a concern that inhabits me when I recall the landscapes I love, when I recall the trees that don't exist anymore, when I recall the rivers from which we cannot drink from: what must be done so that we discover the part of ourselves that longs to re-connect with Nature? If we restore our emotional ties with the environment, would the way we use and manage technology change?

My commitment to engaging with other allies and friends will be to find ways of conscious and mindful relationships with technology, conceiving them as inseparable from the resources that sustain them. Also to share experiences in local territories and acknowledge emotional re-existence in our contexts and lives. As women, we can feel-think, communicate and give new meanings to our contexts and our relationship with technology.



Understanding the internet as territory through journalism

San Gayou

In the same way that the internet is territory, journalism disseminated through the internet is a trench. Journalism from a gender perspective is a political standpoint but far from being a discussed issue in most news writing desks, a negligence that infringes womens' integrity and rights in the digital realm.

Women have been part of news media editorials since nearly the beginning and having a gender perspective is a requirement in how information is handled but in practice it isn't. The rise of the internet has shifted the priority to speed, not veracity.

Headlines continue to convey this lack of consideration, not only of the violence against women but also of the inaction, inefficiency, and flaws of institutions when comes to justice.

Communication companies self-censor themselves in an attempt to survive in a capitalist system that forces them to depend on paid advertising by the State or private companies, putting at stake the readers' credibility and blurring editorial lines (those who claim to have them). This regarding private media. Free independent media is another story.

Internet and social platforms have pushed media into competing for likes, followers, and outreach, measuring success through Facebook and Google stats under the statement that "you need to publish what people want to see".

Many headlines continue to announce "she was killed in the name of love", "you can only be mine". These articles are written by male journalists chasing the "punch line" without analyzing in detail how violence is a reflection of patriarchal structure rooted in society that revictimizes and criminalizes those affected by structural and femicide violence.

Information reaches the internet first. The quickest in publishing "wins the article" and even better if it spreads into this lawless territory where internet traffic is based on the bloodiest photo or the most sensationalist headline.

In light of all of this, there are few media outlets and editors that are committed to doing gender-perspective journalism; an example of this is inclusive language and how it's dismissed in the name of the Royal Spanish Academy.⁹

One of the main challenges is not only the participation of women in this media ecosystem but a gender perspective in media that contributes to building spaces free of patriarchal violence.

It's about using the right words and informing clearly and accurately about violent acts and their origin, as well as pointing out an adequate administration of justice in a country like Mexico where this is still not a reality.

Translation note: The Royal Spanish Academy is Spain's official royal institution with the "mission to ensure the stability of the Spanish language." This mentality and vision of a proper "Spanish" can be imposed in a colonial way in Spanish speaking countries (for example, Mexico) by certain institutions.

Precariousness, feelings, and technology

Stefania Acevedo

This reflection starts, necessarily, with the conditions that enable me to present this proposal for the Hackfeminist Gathering. In principle, I have a flexible job that allows me to go on leave or travel without risking losing my job. Every three months, I sign a contract that cancels out any type of job security. I read on Twitter a few weeks ago that having a paid job should be considered a privilege. Though the concept of work troubles me, I understand the concern expressed in this tweet. I recall myself a couple of months ago in the house I have lived in for 26 years, without leaving my room, depressed because I didn't have a job neither the hope of any type of future. I also revive the conversations on Telegram with my friend A where he informed me disappointed that we hadn't passed the teacher job exam; also, in those same conversations, we would share techniques on how to cook beans, rice, and lentils because that was our way of surviving unemployment. We did this with joy because sharing recipes imply wanting someone to eat deliciously and be a little bit happy at least.

I can't avoid thinking about how I got this job and realize that it was by chance. By pure chance! I don't want to create in my head this idea that I deserve it more than anyone else because I know that's not true. And that makes me assume that in this job and my past jobs, I have been completely replaceable. Perhaps this is a pessimist perspective, but it allows me to understand the economic system I live in and consider that my experience of depression is not just an individual problem but expresses the discomfort that

many live like me when they can't find a job that allows them something like a ... decent life? (what does that look like?) or any job at all. At the same time, this feeling encourages me to inhabit other spaces where we share and *bond* in ways that aren't necessarily competitive or compensated with money or prizes.

Working in unstable jobs encourages us to imagine how to be accountable for the material aspects of our lives like health, housing and education; in other words, how to create tools that can generate alternative economies, different types of relationships with service providers. Cassie Thornton, anarchist artist and economist, presents a feminist framing of economy in which we opt for creating collective and caring experiences. Only then is it possible to re imagine the sense of *value*⁹ connected with care, beyond economic productivity. To begin this exercise of imagination, Thornton began to ask questions to friends and colleagues, searching if other people also felt isolated and sad when facing debt and, in general, economical instability in their lives. Some of the questions were: "How often are you out of money? When you're out of money, how do you feel? what effect does it have on you internally and externally? What types of economical self-defense do you have?". The answers to these questions revealed that we tend to isolate ourselves when we encounter economical hardship because of a prevailing sense of shame for not being socially "successful" and, instead of reaching out to a care network, we expect to change our economical and emotional situation on our own.

To talk about life and care, about the responsibility that I have over myself and others implies inevitably to be affected by what I experience every day and realize that, despite everything, I can rely on a network that allowed me to participate in this Hackfeminist Gathering. I was surrounded by women

Cassie Thornton, "Economía feminista y el Apocalipsis de la gente", in: *Imaginación política: Encuentro Internacional*, México: Cráter invertido, 2019, p. 6.

that I love and admire for all the possible ways of life that open up in my imagination. New ways of relating with value emerge. I would like to continue experimenting with networks where we create tools and channels that allow us to look after each other in a community that acknowledges vulnerability and the need for accompaniment. I think that creating these care networks make us accountable for establishing other types of relationships that bring us beyond the feeling of sadness that this economic system pulls us into, a system where we can't manage collectively our means and have to adapt to what is presented as the only type of relationship possible. The lack of economical stability produces anxiety that wears most of us down, but also forces us to build care networks that question this *value*¹⁰ that we want to assume in our lives and the technology that can enable that.

Bernard Stegler develops an interesting view on the adaption and adoption of technology that implies compromising the way we affectively relate to technology and the potential relationship that emerges. Cfr. Bernard Stegler, *Lo que hace que la vida merezca ser vivida*. De la farmacología., trad. Nadia Cortés, Madrid: Avarigan Editores, 2015.

Affective Infrastructures

Alma Martínez/ Rosaura Zapata

I go back to the "*History and class consciousness*" by G. Lukács, to re-think the analysis of commodity-structure as a "central, structural problem of capitalist society in all its aspects" and as a "model of all the objective forms of bourgeois society together with all the subjective forms corresponding to them".

Broadly speaking, based on these ideas, I think of my participation as a questioning of the underlying labor relations of our infrastructure, in other words, all relationships that result from mandatory payment-based work.

On a short or mid-term, these relationships will also be epistemic and affective.

Why don't we review our work relationships? Should all of them be mediated by money?

And if so, we could ask: what is the exchange? why are they paying you? what is the understanding that each person involved has? are you paid for your work? and for your will?

When resources come from funding, in which ways do they become the lead voice? Do they pay and order?

When it comes from self-management, we peek into Alice's window. The variety of shapes, smells, colors, and material nature of sources tends to confuse. Resources can be accumulated depending on time, interest, imagination...

In the communities I participate in, even though we have been able to create workspaces that experiment with new types of relationships, habits that endorse a power scheme continue to prevail, along with objectivization and alienation.

Forever permeated by affections, these connections cultivate friendship, love, both long and short, in an extremely fragile patchwork. When affections get messed up, toxic fraying relationships linger, comparisons surface, work is invisibilized, contributions are understated and the ability to discuss decreases. We allow the imposition of a neurotic mandate: whoever gets angry, wins.

How do we invent a cooperative way of living? How do we organize following a principle of equality? The decisions in the communities we are part of, the things we accept, and how we address our affectivity puts together a map of ourselves.

We swim counter-flow every time we renounce the overwhelming demand of obeying hierarchy.

The means are the ends. Love as a method.

Guiomar Rovira

The human condition is desiring, the vital impulse sucks us out of ourselves in time and space, no more roots that hold us back. At some point, we pulled out our feet from the earth and started to move, searching, a limited time that drives our existence towards an endless death. The law of gravity and the theory of relativity explains continental tectonic movements, the scattering planets and celestial objects in expanding constellations, cores of fatal attraction, black holes. The force that never ceases, Newton's apple seeks the floor. Relentlessly we fall.

But something impels us beyond, transgresses all determination: love.

When a woman is pregnant, she crosses the universe.

Life challenges death with an elusive persistence. Love is an abundance of life in a thousand shapes and colors. Its fascinating diversity is useless and everything at the same time: limitless beauty, a transgression that blows up any prescription to an end, love is the desire to love. The ends are the means and the means are the ends. Love as a method. For love we become extraordinary: life as a miracle. Useless finite contingency of an endless desire.

Love is the force that puts us in motion to defy the brutal entropy that drags us. Against the hybrid war that harasses and expels us, we have love. They are a few but they have power and violence. Love is a network. We've never been so many, we've never known so much. Without power, we can live. Without love, they can't.

Caring takes a lot of effort. It's hard to raise human beings. It goes against time, it opens up time, gives time, 9 months of patient care, 2 years, 18 suns to become a fruit... To love is to refuse the end, rebel against insignificance. To create a lifespan away from death is only possible if shared and collective. Love is the will to love. It's meaning and creation. It's freedom.

Communication allows us to bond, support each other, weaving infinite possibilities of gathering and potential. Infinite ways of loving. The network is the purpose, is the end. The means are the ends. For a constellation that enables the flow of life. A network that distributes goods, resources that don't drain out but grow when sharing. Against power and money that are dead things, against the ends that break the means to create extractive machines of destruction.

I suggest a philosophical reflection about the meaning of networks and techniques. To turn upside down the dialectic of enlightenment and the challenging temptation of power and money that co-opt all spaces. Nonsensical totalization. To think the incomplete, the hybrid, the impure, and the need to make contingent decisions, free of morale, develop imaginaries that free the desire to love and enable us to be more interconnected. How to shape, practice, and accompany our steps?

Politics of digital accountability: the new era

< Poulette Hernández >

We are all consumers, despite our age, gender, taste, or profession, technology (that facilitates and satisfies people's needs) begins to be a trend, the boom of the 20th century. But, it's not just about using technology and digital media, it's also about consumer responsibility. These responsibilities have to do with the correct management of technology, from which stems a logic quite contrary to what we understand as success, a logic of ecotechnology, revolutionary and utopian ideas that collaborate for a cleaner world, with less consumerist trash like the internet that has drastically increased electricity consumption in an unsustainable way. Considering that traditional energy sources will run out in a matter of decades, the digitalization of ourselves and all aspects of life can not be what we imagine. It's unsustainable that a cellphone consumes like a fridge or an ebook more carbon dioxide than reading on paper.

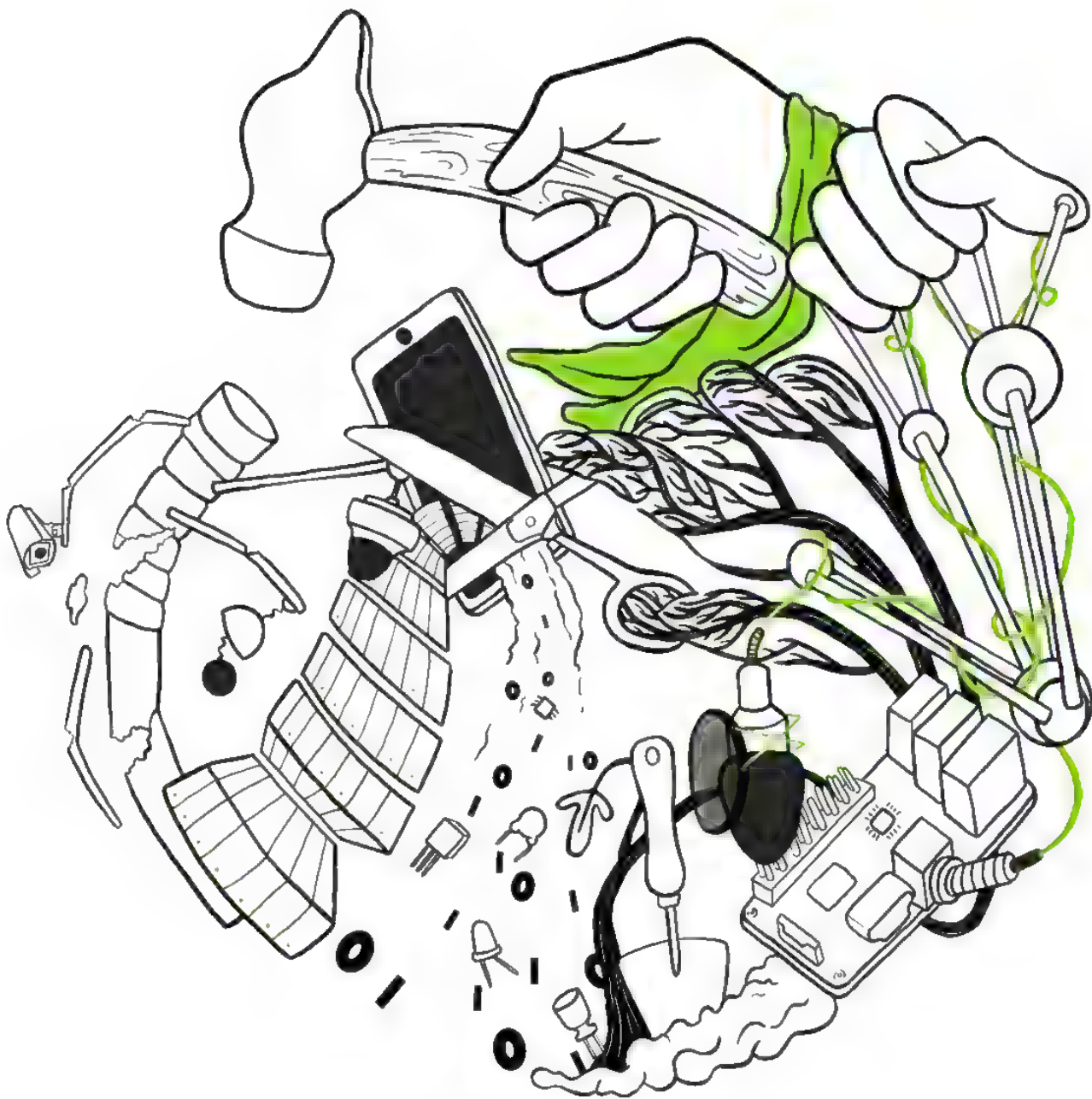
There will be a digital downfall at some point and resources will drain out because of this extreme and excessive use of technology. Lucrative technology corporations turn their backs on ecology and environmental commons. These big companies focus on boosting their sales and not the correct and adequate use of technology. We need to raise awareness and start building a vision centered on community and kinship, leaving to one side consumerism and selfishness.

It's time to be responsible for digital transformation, in our lives, in our organizations, and our business, it's time for a feminist, collaborative, and community transformation. We are completely confident about the benefits. So, within the so-called digital era transformation, we need to insert, apart from business culture changes, social and community accountability because digital transformation must be accountable and sustainable.

One example of this so-called social accountability reformation is Google. I say "so-called" because it's false because they continue to exploit workers, feed consumerism, and, most of all, they profit from data and information that they collect on their servers.

Lots of tech companies use "greenwashing" to look environmentally-friendly. But it's just a shallow makeover that uses green commerce to deceive.

So we need to start thinking about other ways of doing technology, more communal, supportive, shared, feminist, inclusive, more aware of the serious issues like defending life and land. There are other ways, there are alternative technologies.



Momentánea

Presence and being, the relationship of time, space, and affections with Nature

◀ March Bermúdez ▶

This art project is a work in progress. I rack my brains, eager to question the unilateral relations we establish with time, space, objects and the "virtual" world because when we say that we are connected, it has an impact on our territories, both land and bodies. Even though I agree that the dichotomy online/offline doesn't exist, things change when our relationship with technology and devices intersect with an economic system that imposes duality and pushes us away from knowing about how things are created, produced, and distributed.

We develop emotional, sentimental, and rational ties with our technology, but some of us don't ask ourselves: where do they come from? what are they made of? who makes them? what impact does my use have? what happens when I throw it away? why does our technology change so fast? do these frenetic changes have anything to do with the pressing demand of having to answer messages online in messaging applications?

And in this sense, we relate to technology from a unilateral, individual, and anthropocentric perspective of time and space.

This project¹¹ seeks to question (ourselves) about the impact that our devices, perception of time, and internet connection has on these territories of land and body, on community and collective relationships, along with an analysis of how extractive (of resources, knowledge, and cosmogonies¹²) economies create wars. How to make coherent

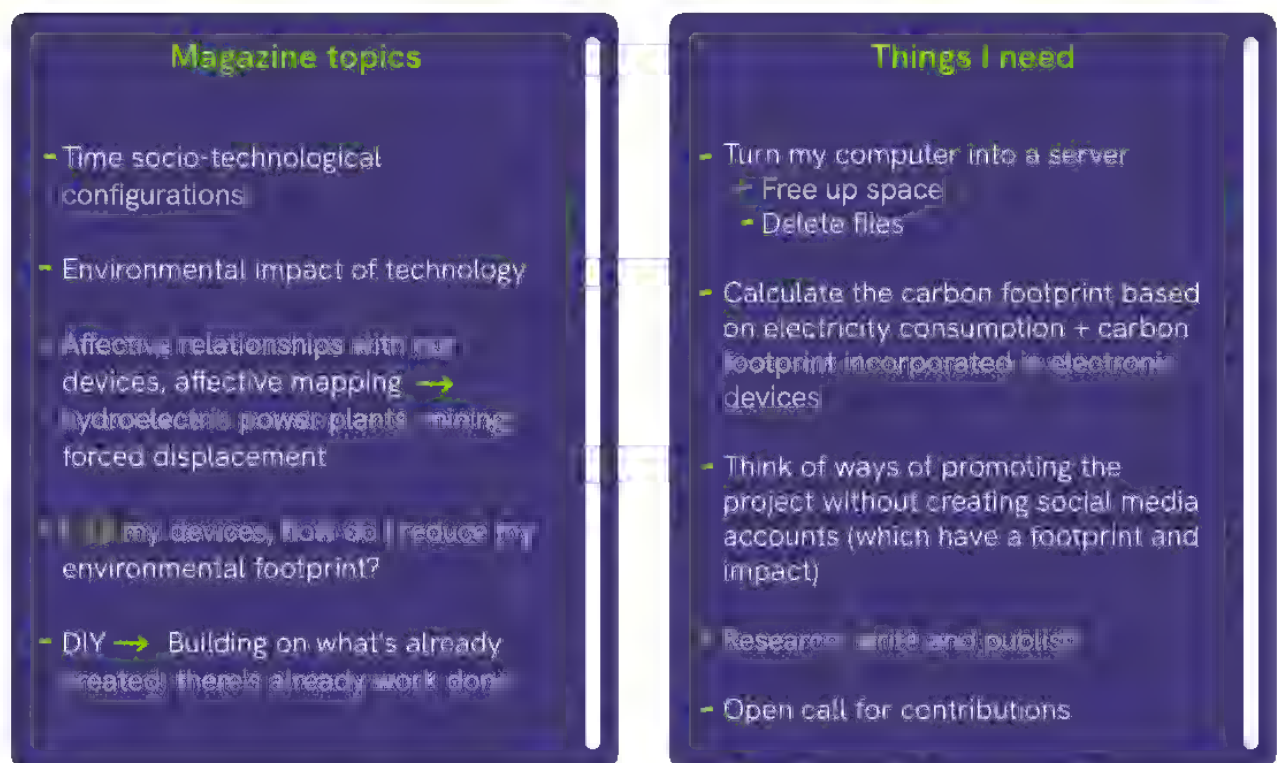
11 Translation note: This project refers to the *Hackfeminist gathering of technologies and affections: How to sketch politics of shared responsibility?*

12 Translation note: Cosmogony is any model concerning the origin of either the cosmos or the universe.

questions? In the beginning, I thought about making an online platform that would present these issues. But that doesn't solve the problem, it adds onto it. Then I thought I could create this platform on my 10 year old computer that still works pretty well and turn it into a server.

How it's going to work?

To avoid buying new equipment and creating e waste, I will use my computer as a server, a decentralized information node. The idea is that this online platform appears on the internet for a certain period of time when a new article is published. Then, it turns off, thus questioning the concept of time that demands us to be online, there all the time, or not.



If you like this idea and want to participate: write to march@ciberfemgt.org

Also, this artistic project has been changing, you can see the progress here <https://ciberfemgt.org/category/momentanea/>

We are the ways we embody writing

<Mónica Nepote>

I'm writing late and I ask myself, what do I mean by "late"? And I think, slowly, then articulate: a pace that disobeys the mandatory rhythm, the pressing need to answer immediately and in a certain way. I write late, I always feel like my answer is in delay. Always with the guilt of being slow.

Some time back I got sick. A couple of years ago. Several relapses in tandem and the last time or the second to last time, it was a significant disease, not severe in itself but with distinctive symptoms. Everything I did required a tremendous effort: going down three flights of stairs where I lived with my daughter, bring her to the street corner where the mother of a classmate would pick her up and go back several blocks and up the stairs again. I knew it was serious because every exhausting action sucked up the little energy left inside of me and it was becoming just too much. I realized, perhaps, without knowing, the cost of acceleration and also how my body was rebelling to that imposed pace. I found an acupuncturist that gave me, lying on a stretcher in their office, a mechanical assessment: your organism is slow and slow organisms want everything quick. They mentioned a 10 session treatment that would reset my body. My body was a computer in their metaphor and my operative system had to be deprogrammed through needles. After some sessions, my body improved, it had reset and was working. I could now fulfill the convenient pace of acceleration. My slow body wanted everything quick again. I was productive and that was a warrant of my existence. My salary met the standards of work overload. My body caught up with the pace of capitalist productivity, a system that gobbles up everything, including time with my daughter and a load of things that I would have wanted to have and develop at that point.

I wrote this text and now I am rewriting it, one year later, in light of a deep change that happened in our lives: experimenting with a new cycle that gave us the perspective of living in two cities. It meant conceiving us in the distance, in constant contact through messages, communicating through our devices in systems that we know are insecure because our literacy is never as learned as our way of loving each other. It meant talking to each other in our own language through alphabetic typography, memes, stickers, emoticons, creating our own communication program; it meant being at the mercy of those who own the software we used, that, despite our doubts, we were there because we needed each other, loved each other, learn from each other all the time.

I wrote then because this distance doesn't exist anymore but what remains unquestionable and forever present is that this is my core reference of affection, this is the heart that guides me in my learning of technology and that's what I want to weave here. Feeling who we are: women, inhabitants of the 21st century, jumping from one violence to another, living how we can.

Part of my utopian perception that I want to stop seeing as just a utopia is a safe territory in all aspects, in my typographic characters, in my digital avatar, and in my flesh avatar. I want a blossoming green space to share with my daughter, from whom I have learned, not exempt from pain, that she is the love of my life. With whom I have found new and different meanings of relationships and priorities, she has helped me realize that love doesn't build on displacing women; in this case, (myself) for being a mother, that can be a mother with my things and interests. That I can work and say that I'm fed up of working, that I can be a mother and say I'm fed up of maternity, that doesn't feel incomplete because she doesn't have a partner... and that translates into a variety of ways of loving, a loving for what is alive and green, a loving of ideas, of being connected and having certain spaces of distance. I wish my affective territories were clear and respected in an online space that doesn't invade me, that allows me to show my love for my daughter and loved ones without feeling that I fall into habits that expose me to discredit or censorship or teasing or market spying or any type of perverse spying. I don't want to be the target of... vulnerable to... I am writing late but on time, my body can breathe better because between the beginning of this text and the end, days have passed, I have cried, I have reflected, I have respected my silence and ripening, I have missed and I feel happy. Life passes by and I'd like that to be reflected in my tone and color and the ways I embody language. I am these words, these emotions, this answer I send you. I am this need to write, to be heard, to share myself, to share-listen-understand-write-read you.

Everything lives together intensely

◀ Mariel Zasso ▶

My existence is relational,
and even if I don't want to,
I affect and am affected.
By you, by her, by them,
by what I read and live,
by what I hear and touch.
To you, to her, to them,
by what I write and act and tell and sing and touch.

I had tea with Baruch and Gilles,
and they agreed:
there is no bad or good.
No wrong or right.
We are bodies pierced
by thousands of vectors of force.
Affected and affecting
sometimes even by accident.
They offered it to me and I bought it:
my moral is the moral of happiness.
What fuels my potential is right.
What saddens me is wrong.
But I don't exist if not in relationship-with.
In this complex equation between my thousands of vectors of force
and the thousands of vectors of force
of the thousands of others that surround me.

And how to contour
the fact that this passion called sympathy,
the ability to let ourselves be affected,
decreases in intensity
when it expands?
How to let oneself be affected by those who aren't distant?
In space, context and affinity.

(How can I be happy if people are suffering?!)

Until yesterday, what was distant
was hopelessly distant.
And now
that networks enable
limitless
geographic and spatial
affection?

New vectors of force,
new languages,
new scenarios
to affect-be-affected.

It's nice to say,
"The internet is a network of people,
not computers"
But the land, the *campesinos* and the creole corn...
Conflict.
Corporate interest vs. common goods

How can we intensify life potential in a hyper connected world?
How to look after each other in this new territory?

Re-writing by accident (technological appropriation, re-writing technologies)

<la_jés>

since I can recall, my relationship with technology has been strange, proper, and improper at the same time. The first time I realized that was when, as an adult, I participated in a gathering. In one of the activities, I was invited to share my first memory of a technological device;

the first thing that popped into my head was a blender. I've "locked myself" inside the garage of my childhood house to play by myself. There's a big blackboard at one end, colorful chalks in one hand, and a screwdriver in the other. I draw everything I see as I dismantle the blender [how would I remember afterward where each piece went?!];

my heart beats strong. I can't let anyone inside and see this device all in bits and pieces. I'm hiding because my dad doesn't want to explain to me [like he does with my cousin, who is a boy by the way] how to dismantle an object;

copy-paste explanation to my cousin;

he explained to him another object, I don't remember which, neither do I care to remember. What I was really interested in were the tips my dad gave to my cousin: check where each part goes when you take it out, put it near its place, compare it with a similar object that does work and try to understand what doesn't to see which part you need to change... Something like that he said. I was always nosing around- I really liked to be in the warehouse with all the tools. The combination of dust, spiderwebs, and hoarded "useless

objects" fascinated me. Besides, when we were there, no one came to "bother"; a sort of place and no-place at the same time. You could lose yourself there for hours and breathe calmly and freely. It was a room of your own¹³. But it was their room. I couldn't go there by myself;

so, as I was saying, I'm in the garage of my childhood house with a dismantled blender and my heart beats strong: I'm alone there because I'm not allowed to disarm that blender and I need to be by myself to concentrate and "break it" at ease because, once I've finished, everything has to be exactly like it was before, as if nothing had happened, as if no screwdriver had outwitted the honor of this object;

technological appropriation — to use technology for a different purpose beyond its initial conception without transforming it or questioning its code but understanding how it works 'from the inside'

that day, my smiley face vanishes and my heart beats loud in satisfaction. I've opened up and put back together a blender. On the blackboard, in that cold and dark garage where people seldom enter, remains a colorful scribble that nobody pays attention to. That garage was mine for a while.

technological appropriation — small big changes, peeping, curious, to depend and not depend

Throughout the years, my technological "accomplishments and stunts" became more skillful [or that's what I said to myself the first time I saw a diagram of an object that a

¹³ Reference to Virginia Woolf's concept of "a room of one's own".

friend, industrial engineering student, had designed. It looked "so much" like my drawing.] I learned how to set up simple electric systems, use a drill, build furniture and change water taps fixing leaks from-who-knows-where. I hold onto this memory of how irritated I would get with the idea that "an outsider has to come to fix" simple things that I, with my two hands, can do or at least try to;

I don't recall how I learned these things. I think close observation has been the best non-advice someone has ever given to me. I think that every time I set out to solve a "hardware" problem, I close my eyes, and the colorful chalk drawing, on that blackboard, in that cold garage, keeps popping up in my head and it's kind of like my "toolbox", my "installation guide", my reference of "do-it-yourself";

maybe because of that, I find it easier to relate to "hardware" than "software" though, honestly, I think that we have the opportunity to transform, that we should update our operative systems more often because, if not, our programs will run on obsolete systems;

I learned on my own, since I was little, observing how the idiot boxes that contain the "real" technology work: the one we build to "make our lives easier". It took many more years for me to realize that those "real" technologies were written, designed, and produced by other people under certain ways of seeing the world. It hadn't occurred to me to question "software" until I understood that maybe the world vision taught to us wasn't where I felt respected and worthy;

so I began to transit the different ways of making "software" through words, through gestures, through all the codes we walk within the worlds that surround us;

to re writing technology — to navigate the guts;
to question and work and love and nate;
to get involved, all of us involved, to pierce, weave, unravel;
to get to know myself, ourselves, build bridgess —

apt install rewriting-technology.deb



We shared part of this content in audio format: a script and an oral testimony with a strength that, apart from its content, resides in its potential of breath and voice.

Cooking with JovitaA

Podcast script

Fera Briones/Chavela Goldman

Listen to the
podcast



SEGMENT

TEXT



Welcome to the Cooking with JovitaA show

[Short musical break]

A homemade eco-friendly podcast without disposable waste, please. Here we will learn how to prepare simple, cheap, and delicious meals with a unique seasoning of rebellion and freedom for these precarious moments.

[Short musical break]



Hello, beautiful elves of light!

This is JovitaA, with A of Anarchy, greeting you from my undercover kitchen in some part of the Monster City; where cooking, more than an act of need, is a supreme gesture of love and pleasure that we can do for ourselves and others.

Today we will learn how to make the prime meal of the *señora's*

14 Similar meaning to "doña"



recipe book: dry noodle soup. That dish that you've surely had during your tender years, prepared with the devoted hands of your caregivers when you were feeling low or sad. A delicious filling soup with a spicy twist and it's very cheap!

So go grab your notebook and pen and write down the ingredients we'll need to cook this homemade delicacy... or your tablet or whatever tech thingy that suits you if writing by hand is too old school for you.

[Short musical break]

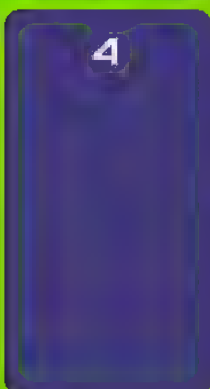


Ready?

For four greedy well-served portions we'll need:

- 200 gram of thin type 0 noodles (basically a full packet) that you can find in any food store
- 1/4 of a big onion
- 1 clove of garlic
- 3 4 tomatoes
- 1 or 2 chipotle chiles, depending on how spicy you want your dish
- 2 spoons of oil; olive oil is better because it's healthier for our heart and arteries
- 1 cup of water
- 1/4 teaspoon —or, as my friends of Yucatán say, a 'shish'— of oregano
- A 'shish' of salt and pepper for a bit of flavor.

[Short musical break]



Damn! I've just realized I've run out of *chipotles*...

Let me ask Pantuflo, my feline assistant [**miaow effect**], to run off to the corner shop while I carry on washing tomatoes and tell you about my dear and awesome Russian anarchofeminist friend that gained the reputation of being the "most dangerous woman of the world": Emma Goldman.

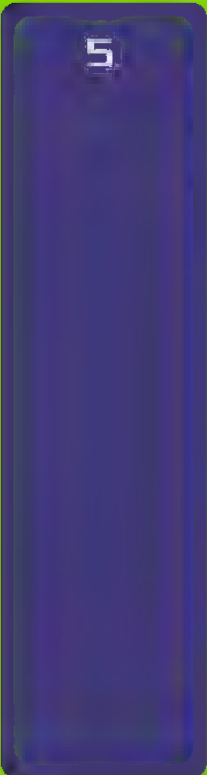


It so happens that Goldman emigrated from Russia to the States back in 1885. There she worked as a textile worker and that's where she joined the anarchist movement, mainly made up of workers and European migrants.

Long story short, in 1919, they deported her back to Russia due to her rebellious and fierce nature. She strolled around from Europe to Canada where she wrote her glorious autobiography *Living my life* that I really recommend you have a look at —you can find it on the internet.

Hey! I'll get back to the stories in a bit. Pantus arrived and it's nearly time to eat so let's get to it.

[Short musical break] 



Now that we have all our ingredients, let's pour some oil into a medium-sized pot and turn on the cooker at medium heat.

While the oil heats up, we can chop the onions and garlic and set them aside on a plate.

Once the oil is ready, we throw in the noodles and stir until they are evenly golden brown. Don't burn them!

Carefully serve the noodles in a plate or container and leave them for later.

To make the broth, the actual essence of our noodles, we're going to blend the tomatoes and chipotles with a cup of water. You can add extra water if you want a thinner soup.

By the way, super *doña* tip: to save time, especially if you're really hungry, you can preheat the water. Your soup will be ready in a flash.

Since we're eco-friendly, we're going to recycle the same cooking pot to stir-fry the onion and garlic until translucent. We add in the broth and that's when the magic kicks in with a bit of oregano, salt, and pepper. Season as you wish.

I like seasoning little by little 'cos when you overdo the salt, there's no going back, honey. And always, always taste as you go, ok?

Now let's give some time for that broth to cook at low heat so that all those ingredients can mingle together and create that tasty flavor.

6

While we wait for our soup to boil, I'm going to carry on talking about my friend Emma.

So all the hassle that Goldman and her comrades made was key in spreading socialist anarchism all over North America and part of Europe. Besides, Emma was a fruitful and kind writer and through her many articles, manifestos, and novels, she shared thoughts, existential concerns, and other ideas that became a foundation for anarchism.

That's right, my dears, none other than a WOMAN, a fact that can shut up your average sexist pig when they say something stupid like "woman can't theorize and question reality" —I've been told that before.

But, most of all, Emma Goldman became a feminist symbol and the Lady of the Barricades for getting into more than one fight with her feminist peers.



'Cos, her vision of "living your own life" —based on freedom, relationships, and affections — was a purpose in itself and a crucial aspect of social change, something that wasn't discussed back then.

In her 1910 book "Anarchism and other essays", Goldman developed a series of pioneer ideas around issues that remain polemic: the futility of voting, sex work, marriage, sexuality, and love.

Unlike most suffragettes back then, she thought that feminine independence couldn't be achieved with economical improvement or concessions granted by institutions but through a radical transformation of our way of thinking and living. She wasn't really into equality policies and all that.

Wait a second, we'll get back to the story in a bit. The soup is bubbling...

[Short musical break]



As you can see, our soup is turning red because the tomatoes are cooked. This is when we adjust our seasoning for the last time so go ahead, try it out and see if you want to add a little something.

Tasty, right? I'm drooling already...

Now we can add the noodles we fried before and let them cook for another 10 minutes or until the water consumes. Be careful! Don't burn it!

[Short musical break]

8

Emma Goldman wanted to radically change the way of thinking and feeling the world, so that women could be free. A goal that can't be achieved trying to be the same as men and following their patriarchal, racist, classist system; pure death and destruction sustained by a load of oppression that doesn't only affect women but all people that aren't white straight high-class men.

For Emma, resisting and rejecting all forms of domination requires freeing ourselves, breaking all the obstacles and boundaries that create economic, psychological, and even emotional dependence. Questioning sexuality and reproduction becomes essential, especially for women, because my friend Goldman believes that sexuality is a powerful source of creative synergy and affective relationships are indispensable in the individual and social transformation we need to bring down hegemonic social order.

So forget about all that shame and taboo associated with feminine sexuality. All the contrary, for Goldman, giving new meanings to our intimate relationships is a fundamental step towards revolutionizing our daily lives.

But wait, don't get me wrong, she wasn't talking about low pseudo-polyamorous behavior, sleeping with people without emotional accountability, and neglecting shared agreements — normally guys, by the way, that "use" feminist discourse pretending to be "cool" but actually are just assholes that end up hurting women.

My dears, that isn't re-shaping or giving new meaning. That's just plain old being a jerk.

Ups! I need to check on my noodle casserole. I don't want to burn it!

[Short musical break]

All under control friends. We've turned off the stove and our meal looks delicious.

I suggest you serve it hot with a bit of cheese sprinkled on top and, if we're feeling hedonistic, a bit of avocado too.

Well there you go, that's our spicy chipotle noodle soup, like I said at the beginning of the show, a classic meal and low-budget delicatessen to share or for your pleasure.

I hope you've enjoyed preparing this recipe as much as I have and that you've gotten a bit curious about this anarchofeminist goddess Emma Goldman.

Lastly, I'd like you to tune into our next podcast *Cooking with Jovita* where we will learn how to prepare a classic dish: stuffed chiles, those that people fight over when it's on the menu and maybe I'll get to talk to you about another rebellious friend 'cos there's a lot of superwomen out there that have done amazing things but are invisibilized because of #patriarchy.

Sending lots of love **[kiss sound effect]** and remember, more than a need, cooking and sharing a meal with our close ones is an act of love and pleasure.

[Short musical break and —fade out—]

The voice of a community broadcaster

✦ Lili Ayuujk ✦

I'm Lilia Pérez Díaz.

holding this question how to outline
politics of **technology** is immersed now, I don't have much experience but I feel that
today

I'm from Taha totepec, mixe, Oaxaca, the **North** mountains.

We're at 2700 m above **sea level**.

I am **the ayuuk** tongue.
I am **and a community broadcaster** on the **radio**.

I also participate in **Neejukiiny**, women-led collective
reach out to more communities, **raise awareness**,

on what's happening, **what's happening to us**, **about**
issues that **affect us** as women and men **our**

these thoughts that seek to strengthen our **community life** and, on the way,

intersecting with all types of **like computers**,
control panels, **all the equipment required** **like sound**
recorders, **mobile phones**.

Nowadays, the Internet... **without thinking about it, without**
the tools arrive and we **claim them** in our communities. **These**
tools also create **new types of relationships**
within our community contexts.

We've realized, I've realized that many issues also emerge because of these tools. For example, in the municipal council of mi community there have been incidents where couples divorce, ruptures or even certain types of violence related to using these tools, because they didn't know how to use them or because they used them and had access because access is so easy, to use and manipulate these tools like mobile phones.

Most of the time, when a man cheats on his wife or partner she finds out because there is a tool which gives evidence that it happened and it's used for this reason. This is a way in which relationships are changing. Also, among youth, now, we look at young people and they're really hooked to these tech tools; not to the computer or the TV like before when, for a short period of time, TV was really present, the family would watch TV channels, and you could still limit, how much and what you saw.

The tools we have now like Wi-Fi in several spots in the community, There's internet signal, so now you can't limit young people in how they use it. And this creates distance within the community. Interpersonal relationships are now long-distant, even when you're at home. You can communicate with your dad, with your mum, with your family just through your phone, texting, sending voice messages through WhatsApp and these types of interactions are changing relationships. And how do they affect our body? We're also observing the impact and changes on physical, mental, and emotional health.

How this distancing **socialization** that we have and should have as human beings, **relating**, communicating, **direct communication**, between father and mother, between father and mother and children, between the whole family, because the **distance** is growing and it is affecting our **social relationships**, our **community relationships**. **How** we also makes these decisions, facing many issues that come up.

Apart from all the things we **see** as negative, it also allows us to **publicly denounce**, instead of directly to certain **authorities**. When we see that the authority **isn't working well** or isn't doing their job, then some people use **social media** to report and **expose**, to **feel** that we can achieve something if we **denounce** in public.

Or when our territories are **invaded** or subject to **mining concessions**, or hydroelectric plants, these channels help us **raise our voice**, so we can **visibilize** what is happening from **OUR OWN** stories. In other words, to **feel** that you can **achieve** something using these means.

Things that **these technologies** enable us.

I also think we need to **analyze** how we **frame** our use of technology, our **politics**, maybe very **local**, that have an **impact** as we **apply** certain **community agreements**, I don't know. Maybe the way we **think** when and how we use them in certain communities and groups, for certain **pages** and **platforms** that can be controlled by **community providers**.

This could be an action. And as women, how this affects us in our bodies, porn sites, human trafficking and how there are girls and boys that are affected through these means because of how they are being used.

We need to continue thinking about how this is affecting us, how we are living these social relationships in our realities, the ways of mediating these interactions, these habits, the ways in which we communicate within our orality, our language, the ayuuk tongue, all that it implies.

This is a bit of how I can contribute to what we are thinking together about these issues and I hope I can continue to do so in this gathering. We will also carry on reading about how our feelings and relationships are affected or benefited through media through technology now that we are immersed in all of this.

This book is in progress: we continue to weave and edit inspired by hackfeminism that seeks other worlds and ways of understanding and embodying technology.

If we were to put some type of launch date or first version of this quilt, it would be October 2020 in which we take a break and rethink ourselves.

This publication is completely designed with libre free software: Scribus, Inkscape and Krita. We have also opted for free fonts: Xolonium for the headers, HK Grotesk for the body text.